



VOL. XVIII.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1883.

NO. 9.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, London, is the fifth in size of the great churches in Europe.

The first church erected on this spot, took the place of a heathen temple dedicated to the goddess Diana. It is supposed

occupied from about A. D. 597 till 610. In A. D. 1086 it was destroyed in a great conflagration; but Muritiaus, then bishop of London, determined to erect on its site a magnificent edifice with the highest spire in the world. This new build-



to have been destroyed during one of the great persecutions of the Christians, about A. D. 302. It was rebuilt in the reign of the Emperor Constantine from A. D. 323 to 337. It was again demolished by the heathen, this time by the unconverted Saxons, but was restored by Ethelbert and Sebert. This

ing was commenced in A. D. 1087 and completed in 1240. It was again nearly destroyed by fire in 1444, and the spire was burned in 1561. And in the great fire at London (A. D. 1666) it was once more totally destroyed.

The present St. Paul's is distinguished from other English

cathedrals by the fact that it was not built bit by bit, but is the work of one man, Sir Christopher Wren. He created, designed and decorated the immense building. Three years after old St. Paul's cathedral perished in the great fire of London, Wren prepared a design for a new cathedral. This was not accepted. It was not in the orthodox cross shape, so he had to make another design. This second one was finished in 1672 and was approved.

Three years were spent in removing the ruins of the old cathedral and in clearing the ground. In 1675 the first stone was laid by Thomas Stroug, the master-mason, while the highest stone of the building was placed in position by the architect's son, in 1710.

The taste of the time when the building was erected left its interior cold and colorless, but steps are now being taken to adorn the vaulted roof with frescoes. St. Paul's contains the monuments of many notable Englishmen; among others are those of John Howard, the philanthropist; Dr. Johnson, Sir Charles Napier, Lord Nelson and the Duke of Wellington. Reynolds, Turner and other illustrious painters are buried there. Under the dome is the "whispering gallery," communicating with the stone gallery on the outside of the dome, whence the outer golden gallery at the apex is reached, which affords a magnificent view of the great metropolis and vicinity. The whole ascent is by 616 steps. The dome is 365 feet from the ground, 355 feet from the floor of the church and 145 feet in diameter. The dome of St. Peter's at Rome is 448 feet high and 193 feet in diameter. The length of St. Paul's from east to west is 500 feet; (of St. Peter's, 613½ feet interior.) And the width of the nave is 125 feet.

The annual singing by 5,000 charity children, on the first Thursday of June, was characterized by the great Hayden as the most powerful effect he had ever experienced from music.

St. Paul's is the cathedral church of the see of London and the bishop of London ranks first of all the bishops of the English church, immediately after the two metropolitans, that is, after the archbishops of Canterbury and York.

Our picture represents the edifice as seen from the north-east, say from the corner of Cheapside not far from the General Post Office; this does not show its beautiful front, which faces west, and which can be seen to such advantage from the top of Ludgate Hill.

G. R.

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY W. J.

PAUL, in writing to the Galatians, tells them these plain and pointed truths: "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit shall of the spirit reap life everlasting. And let us not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

In the physical world, "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." If a man sows wheat, he will reap wheat. True, he may reap that which he does not sow—he may reap wild oats and sundry other products; but he, or some one else, has sown them *heretofore*, or the seed has been placed in or on the soil by the birds of the air, by the beasts of the field, by the wind, by the irrigating stream, or by some other means; and

the proposition is still true: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

In the moral world also: "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." But, there is a slight difference between the reaping of the physical or wheat crop, and the reaping of the moral crop. The wheat crop can be secured in this life; and, if well cleaned up, this ends its products from the soil, without a resowing; but the moral crop is only partly gathered in this life. The seeds of good or evil produce their fruits in this life and in that which is to come. And who can tell—who shall dare to say—when their effects shall cease on those who are cast into outer darkness, or on those who are exalted and crowned in the celestial worlds?

There are many kinds of seeds, and all are sown by the human family—

"Some are sowing the seed of pleasant thought;
In the spring's green light they have blithely wrought;
They have brought their fancies from wood and dell,
Where the mosses creep, and the flower-beds swell:
Rare shall the harvest be.

"Some are sowing the seeds of word and deed,
Which the cold know not, nor the careless heed—
Of the gentle word and the kindest deed
That have blessed the heart in its sorest need:
Sweet shall the harvest be.

"And some are sowing the seed of pain,
Of late remorse, and in maddened brain;
And the stars shall fall, and the sun shall wane,
Ere they root the weeds from the soil again:
Dark will the harvest be.

"And some are standing with idle hand,
Yet they scatter seeds on their native land;
And some are sowing the seeds of care,
Which their soil has borne and still must bear:
Sad will the harvest be.

"And each, in his way, is sowing the seed
Of good or evil, in word or deed.
With a careless hand o'er the earth they sow,
And the fields are ripening where'er they go:
What shall the harvest be?

"Sown in darkness, or sown in light;
Sown in weakness, or sown in might;
Sown in meekness, or sown in wrath—
In the broad work-field, or the shadowy path—
Sure will the harvest be."

This brief article is addressed to the young. The object of it is to benefit them. They exist in a world of good and evil. Satan holds out to them many inducements to do wrong. The power of temptation is strong, and almost ever present. But he cannot possibly offer such great inducements to do wrong as the Lord offers to do right. Neither is the power of evil as strong as the power of good, which is almost ever-present; but the children of men seem more prone to do wrong than to do right. It is far easier for the swimmer to float with the current, than it is for him to stem it, to struggle with it, to overcome it, to make headway, and to reach his goal. Boys are frequently found in bad company. They sometimes seek it, as being more congenial to their habits and tastes—and they often make bad company. They associate together for mischief, and sometimes they make plenty of it. They lie to one another, and about one another, and about others. They cheat one another in their games, and delight in it—it is smart. If a new play-mate—a green one

—joins them, he is a special object of their careful study. In such a case their individual shrewdness and combined trickery are brought into lively action, for he must be fleeced of his marbles, and fleeced he is, generally; for very few boys, single-handed, are a match for a dozen young rogues, united and determined on a special object. They play at sundry games to win property or money. This is gambling. In this they feed and nurture a disposition to "covet and desire other men's goods." They want something without furnishing an equivalent for it. This encourages idleness. They are sometimes disappointed and filled with wrath, then comes profanity. In such crowds of boys chewing and smoking tobacco are practiced, which are soon varied by drinking beer and liquor. Means are required to purchase these. Father's granary and mother's hen's nests are visited on the sly to get the necessary means. If these fail, other people's grain, eggs, and chickens are stolen to procure supplies: for tobacco, beer and liquor cost money; and the appetite for these is growing, and its demands must be supplied honestly or otherwise.

Many other evils might be added to these, but enough. Now, what kind of seed are these boys sowing? What kind of crop will they reap in this life, leaving the eternal future, after mortality, out of the question? What kind of men will they become? If they do not repent, they will steal cattle, they will steal horses, they are likely to become burglars or highwaymen, stage plunderers and train robbers; and if human beings are in their way, they will take their lives to get them out of the way, and thus imbrue their hands and stain their souls with human blood, and end their wicked career by being shot down like wolves, or die the ignominious death of murderers, by due process of law.

What a horrible conclusion to a life which might have been an honorable and a useful one! What sorrow such a tragic end brings to the fond hearts of loving parents! And what a hopeless and gloomy future awaits such thieves and murderers! Can they ever make restitution? Can they restore the life they have taken? Can the friends of the murdered forgive them? Can they who are murdered forgive them? Can they forgive themselves? Can the Lord forgive them? And is their any redemption for their blood-stained souls?

But we will turn from this ghastly, indescribable picture. Boys, there is a pleasanter one. Do not cheat your play-fellows. Do not gamble. If the property of other boys should come into your possession through any of your games or arrangements, restore it to them. Do not retain it without furnishing an equivalent for it. Be honest. Be conscientious. Be just. Be virtuous. Be sober. Be obedient to the Priesthood of God. Be God-fearing and pure in hand and heart. Be not guilty of bad habits or secret vices. Sow the seed of health, strength, vigor, and, if God will, long life on the earth. Sow the seeds of kindness, peace, truth and righteousness, and their fruits will be peace, kindness, truth, righteousness and eternal lives—they will bloom with immortality, and blossom with all that constitutes the glories, the honors, the dominions, the thrones, the principalities, the eternal riches, and the eternal increase of the celestial worlds.

"We are sowing, daily sowing,
Countless seeds of good and ill,
Scattered on the level low-land,
Cast upon the windy hill;
Seeds that sink in rich, brown furrows,
Soft with heaven's gracious rain;
Seeds that rest upon the surface
Of the dry, unyielding plain.

"Seeds that fall amid the stillness
Of the lonely mountain glen;
Seeds cast out in crowded places,
Trodden under foot of men;
Seeds by idle hearts forgotten,
Flung at random on the air;
Seeds by faithful souls remembered,
Sown in tears and love and prayer.

"Seeds that lie unchanged, unquickened,
Lifeless on the teeming mould;
Seeds that live and grow and flourish
When the sower's hand is cold:
By a whisper sow we blessings,
By a breath we scatter strife;
In our words and looks and actions
Lie seeds of death and life.

"Thou who knowest all our weakness,
Leave us not to sow alone!
Bid thine angels guard the furrows
Where the precious grain is sown,
Till the fields are crowned with glory,
Filled with mellow ripened ears,
Filled with fruit of life eternal
From the seed we sowed in tears.

"Check the forward thoughts and passions,
Stay the hasty, heedless hands;
Lest the germs of sin and sorrow
Mar our fair and pleasant lands.
Father help each weak endeavor,
Make each faithful effort blest,
Till the harvest shall be garnered,
And we enter into rest."

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH.

(Continued from page 119.)

DURING the time when the Saints were suffering privation and exposure after their final expulsion from Nauvoo they were visited by Colonel (now General) Thomas L. Kane, who was impressed with the condition of the Saints and the injustice of the acts of their enemies. A more true and striking picture in language could not be drawn than that given by him in a historical address some years afterwards, of the scenes he there witnessed. We quote a portion of it:

"A few years ago, ascending the upper Mississippi in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the Rapids. My road lay through the Half-breed Tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its land-titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for coiners, horse-thieves, and other outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the Lower Fall, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality.

"From this place to where the deep water of the river returns, my eye wearied to see everywhere sordid, vagabond and idle settlers; and a country marred, without being improved, by their careless hands. I was descending the last hill-side upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half encircled by a bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun; its bright, new dwellings, set in cool, green gardens, ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill, which was crowned by a noble marble edifice, whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover

several miles; and beyond it, in the background, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful hands of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise, and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty. It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked, and saw no one. I could hear no one move; though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water-ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it; for plainly it had not slept long. There was no grass growing up in the paved ways; rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

"Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, rope-walks and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle, the carpenter had gone from his work-bench and shavings, his unfinished sash and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-chopped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was cold, but his coal heap and ladling pool and crooked water horn were all there, as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work-people anywhere looked to know my errand.

"If I went into the gardens, clinking the wicket-latch loudly after me, to pull the marigolds, heartsease, and lady-slippers, and draw a drink with the water-sodden well-bucket and its noisy chain; or, knocking off with my stick the tall, heavy-headed dahlias and sunflowers, hunted over the beds for cucumbers and love-apples—no one called out to me from any opened window, or dog sprang forward to bark an alarm.

"I could have supposed the people hidden in the houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when, at last, I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearths, and had to tread a-tiptoe, as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid arousing irreverent echoes from the naked floors. On the outskirts of the town was the city graveyard; but there was no record of plague there, nor did it in anywise differ much from other Protestant American cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the mason's hardly dried lettering ink. Beyond the graveyard, out in the fields, I saw, in one spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering embers of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing around it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy-headed, yellow grain lay rotting, ungathered, upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest.

"As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—they, sleeping too, in the hazy air of autumn. Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the the eastern suburb the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered wood-work and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry, and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

"Though these men were generally, more or less, under the influence of ardent spirits, after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told the story of the dead city; that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and had finally been successful only a few days before my visit, in an action fought in front of the ruined suburb; after which, they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defense, they said, had been obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this battle as they called it; but I discovered they were not of one mind as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it, one of which, as I remember, was, that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of fifteen, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted to have born a character without reproach.

"They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which, having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had, as a matter of duty, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Besides these, they led me to see a large and deep-chiselled marble vase or basin, supported upon twelve oxen, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were emigrants from a great distance, believed their Deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents 'went into the water' for their lost children, children for their parents, widows for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers; that thus the great vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was therefore the object, of all others in the building, to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victors had so diligently desecrated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

"They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple, to see where it had been lightning-struck on the Sabbath before; and to look out, east and south, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. Here, in the face of pure day, close to the scar of the divine wrath left by the thunderbolt, were fragments of food, cruises of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a bass drum and a steamboat signal bell, of which I afterwards learned the use with pain.

"It was after nightfall, when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset, and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I headed higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning, and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer.

"Here, among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, without roof between them and the sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human creatures, whom my movements roused from an uneasy slumber on the ground.

"Passing these on my way to the light, I found it came from a tallow candle, in a paper funnel shade, such as is used by street vendors of apples and peanuts, and which, flaring and

fluttering away in the bleak air of the water, shone flickeringly on the emaciated features of a man in the last stage of a bilious, remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a but partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair sofa cushion under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glazing eye told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries; though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow, awkwardly-measured sips of the tepid river water, from a burned and battered bitter-smelling tin coffee-pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed, a toothless old bald-head, whose manner had a repulsive dullness of a man familiar with death scenes. He, so long as I remained, numbed in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the hiccup and sobbing of two little girls, who were sitting upon a piece of drift wood outside.

"Dreadful, indeed, was the suffering of these forsaken beings; bowed and cramped by cold and snoburn; alternating as each weary day and night dragged on, they were, almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poor-house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble cravings of their sick; they had not bread to quiet the fractious hunger-cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grand-parents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

(To be Continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE gospel of dynamite is now being preached with a freedom and boldness that is appalling. From the czar of Russia, who is the autocrat of his dominions, to the weakest ruler in Christendom, every one is trembling in the face of the new agencies that are being brought to bear against the occupants of thrones. Surrounded by bayonets, hedged in by the power of a great empire, guarded with the greatest possible care, the czar of Russia is still unsafe. He trembles before a power which is the more terrible because it is unseen and operates in the dark. Mines are dug, trains are laid into palaces which are guarded by the best and most trusted soldiers of the empire, and yet they who plan the method of destruction are undiscovered. Placards are printed and posted threatening his life, and their authors escape the vigilance of the secret police.

But it is not alone in Russia that these conspiracies exist. They are felt in Germany, in France, and even in England. Secret combinations, of various forms, exist in all these nations under the names of Nihilism, Socialism, Communism, Land Leagues, Invincibles. Organizations in these various lands have for their object the overthrow of existing institutions and governments. Men now openly proclaim their right to use every means in their power or within their reach to destroy rulers. They justify the most atrocious methods, claiming that the end justifies the means. They do

not care how many innocent people may perish so that they can reach ruling men and officials.

The Book of Mormon is full of illustrations of the danger in which all people are placed who permit secret combinations such as now exist in Europe and in the United States to prevail among them. Numerous predictions are given concerning what the fate of a people will be where these combinations are permitted to operate unchecked. Speaking of the secret combinations that were formed among the Jaredites, Moroni says:

"And it came to pass that they formed a secret combination, even as they of old; which combination is most abominable and wicked above all, in the sight of God;

"For the Lord worketh not in secret combinations, neither doth He will that man should shed blood, but in all things hath forbidden it, from the beginning of man.

"And now I, Moroni, do not write the manner of their oaths, and combinations, for it hath been made known unto me that they are had among all people, and they are had among the Lamanites;

"And they have caused the destruction of this people of whom I am now speaking, and also the destruction of the people of Nephi;

"And whatsoever nation shall uphold such secret combinations, to get power and gain, until they shall spread over the nation, behold, they shall be destroyed, for the Lord will not suffer that the blood of His saints, which shall be shed by them, shall always cry unto Him from the ground for vengeance upon them, and yet He avenge them not;

"Wherefore, O ye Gentiles, it is wisdom in God that these things should be shown unto you, that thereby ye may repent of your sins, and suffer not that these murderous combinations shall get above you, which are built up to get power and gain, and the work, yea, even the work of destruction come upon you, yea, even the sword of justice of the eternal God shall fall upon you, to your overthrow and destruction, if ye shall suffer these things to be;

"Wherefore the Lord commandeth you, when ye shall see these things come among you, that ye shall awake to a sense of your awful situation, because of this secret combination which shall be among you, or wo be unto it, because of the blood of them who have been slain; for they cry from the dust for vengeance upon it, and also upon those who have build it up.

"For it cometh to pass that whose buildeth it up, seeketh to overthrow the freedom of all lands, nations, and countries; and it bringeth to pass the destruction of all people, for it is built up by the devil, who is the father of all lies; even that same liar who beguiled our first parents; yea, even that same liar who hath caused man to commit murder from the beginning; who hath hardened the hearts of men, that they have murdered the prophets, and stoned them, and cast them out from the beginning.

"Wherefore, I, Moroni, am commanded to write these things, that evil may be done away, and that the time may come that Satan may have no power upon the hearts of the children of men, but that they may be persuaded to do good continually, that they may come unto the fountain of all righteousness and be saved."

There are very many evils in the world—great oppressions and terrible wrongs. Rulers oppress their subjects and are guilty of tyranny. The rich oppress the poor, and in many instances live upon their earnings. The poor are ground to the dust, and their cries ascend unheeded by man to the God of heaven. But notwithstanding this condition of things the Lord does

not justify men in forming secret combinations to commit murder, and to overthrow existing government, to bring about anarchy and ruin. One wrong does not justify another. The Lord in these days "hath founded Zion, and the poor of His people shall trust in it."

Our own land is likely to be cursed with secret combinations of this character, for the reason that the blood of the prophets and of the Saints has been shed, and no notice has been taken of it. Murderers of innocent persons have been allowed to go unpunished, both state and national, and the government has winked at it and even justified it. That blood cries from the ground against this generation. This generation is delivering itself into the power of Satan; he has taken possession of it; and the day is not far distant when, through these secret combinations in our own land, good government will be overthrown. Men will seek power by means such as were used in ancient days; they will band themselves together by secret oaths and will seek to obtain possession of offices through the aid of their confederates. When that day shall come they will not stop at murder, nor hesitate to employ any means, however wicked, to gain their unholy ends. In this way they will bring down upon themselves everlasting destruction; for the Lord will not suffer that this land shall be delivered into the hands of such people. He has made promises concerning this continent of America, and they will be fulfilled. In olden times they had their signs and secret words so as to distinguish their confederates, and when guilty of wickedness they were known to each other and upheld in it. They committed murder, robbery, theft, whoredoms, and all manner of wickedness contrary to the laws of their God, and they were upheld by their confederates in these acts. And it is to a very great extent the same to-day. We can see that spirit growing—murder and robbery and adultery and wickedness of every kind, go unpunished, especially when committed by certain classes, because of their wealth and their influence, and the combinations which prevail among them. Hence we hear of frequent lynching of offenders by bands of angry men who will not trust the courts of justice to punish a wrong doer, but who take the law into their own hands. And this spirit is increasing. This is a terrible condition of affairs for any nation to be placed in, and unless there is a speedy change, terrible consequences will befall a people thus situated.

GAMBLING.

"GIVE me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three-cent pieces were put in his hand. He stepped off well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; and that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand with the world an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. He touched his hat and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.

Selected.

Chapter for the Little Ones.

WHAT CURED CARL.

CARL WHITNEY's mother died when he was an infant, and, as his father was too busy to attend to him, he became a spoiled child. Once Carl was sent to stay with his aunt. She knew that it was not good for a little boy to do just as he pleased.

It was school time, but still he played with his dog, and so Mrs. Lyle said:

"Why, Carl, aren't you going to school?"

"No, aunt; it's too late now. Besides, I don't feel well enough."

"Carl," said his aunt, after breakfast the next morning, "how do you feel? Well enough to go to school?"

"Yes, ma'am."

Carl was reading and soon forgot everything but his book.

"Come, Carl, it's time to go to school."

Carl looked up.

"I am not very well this morning. I think I'll wait till afternoon."

"Oh, I guess you are lazy—you are not sick."

"My head and chest ache."

"Come here and let me see your tongue," said Mrs. Lyle. "It does look rather bad. Your pulse is a little quick, too. Come, you must be got to bed as soon as possible."

Before Carl could remonstrate, Mrs. Lyle had commenced undressing him.

"I—I feel better now," began Carl. "I don't want to go to bed."

"That doesn't make any difference. If you are sick, the best place for you is in bed. I'll be back

in a few minutes." When she returned she said, "I've made a mustard plaster, and I want to put it on your chest, where the pain is. This will cure it quicker than anything else."

"It feels better," said Carl, faintly. "It is almost well now."

"The pain may come back. You'd better have it on. And here is some Jamaica ginger I've got for you. Drink it off."

"I don't like Jamaica ginger."

"No, I presume not; but if it makes you well you won't care."

Carl tried to plead off, but Mrs. Lyle was firm, and the mixture went down. Then she covered him up, and told him to lie still.

"Mayn't I have my book?"

"No, indeed! Sick people mustn't read."

"I want to get up," muttered Carl, under the bedclothes.

Carl tumbled and tossed about; the mustard plaster began to burn; it grew hotter and hotter, until finally he pulled it off and put it at the foot of the bed. At last he quietly slipped out of bed, and was almost dressed when the door opened.

"Carl, my child, jump right into bed! What in the world are you up for?" And Carl was whisked back again before he could say a word. "Where's your mustard plaster? Did you pull it off?"

"It was so hot," whined Carl.

"Hot! that's just what I wanted."

"I want something to eat, anyhow."

"You can't have anything till dinner time. I'm going to shut the blinds and make it dark; maybe you can go to sleep."

Sure enough he did, and slept until dinner was ready.

"What can I have for dinner? I want some potatoes."

"I have brought you some toast and tea; that is the best for sick people."

"I'm not sick now, I'm well; and I don't want tea."

"Well I presume you are better, and if you stay in bed to-day I think you will be able to go to school to-morrow. I was in hopes I could cure you."

"I think I could go to school this afternoon."

"No, you can't go to school to-day."

"Can't I get up, either?"

"Not now. Come, don't cry. Sit up and eat your dinner."

"I'm not crying, and I don't want any dinner. If I can't have some potatoes I won't have anything."

"Very well." And Mrs. Lyle departed.

That was more than poor Carl expected. He actually supposed he should get what he wanted. Not get any dinner! Why, he was so hungry it seemed as if he could eat anything. Finally, as he could think of nothing better to do, he began to cry in good earnest. After a while he called—

"Aunt! aunt!"

Mrs. Lyle came to the door.

"What do you wish, Carl?"

"I'm hungry; I want some dinner."

"You said you wouldn't have any."

"I said I wanted some potatoes."

"And I told you you couldn't have them."

"Well, what can I have?" said Carl desperately.

"A biscuit, if you like."

"Bring it to me, then."

"That isn't the way to ask for it."

"I don't care. I want it; I'm hungry."

"When you ask politely, you can have it." And Mrs. Lyle threw open the blinds and sat down by the window with her sewing.

Carl looked at her in amazement. It was a new experience for him. He waited awhile. At last his appetite began to get the better of his temper.

"Will you please get me a biscuit?"

Mrs. Lyle smiled. "Certainly I will," she said.

She brought him one, which he devoured in haste. Then he was ready to talk.

"I don't like you as well as I do Aunt Emma."

"Why not?"

"'Cause you keep me in bed, and she never did."

"But sick little boys ought to be kept in bed."

"I'm not sick."

"You were this morning."

"I'm not now; and I wasn't sick enough this morning to go to bed."

"Well, your disease was one that required prompt attention, else it might have proved serious."

Carl's eyes opened very wide as he asked, somewhat perplexed—

"What disease? did you really think I was sick?" adding, as if a little ashamed, "I wasn't."

"Oh yes, my dear; you had the disease called 'don't-want-to-go-to-school!' It's very common among children, and is apt to cause a great deal of trouble unless it is cured as soon as it makes its appearance."

Carl looked straight out of the window for a few minutes; then he said, "If I'm cured, mayn't I get up and read?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lyle, "perhaps you may, if you are cured."

And Carl never had that disease again.

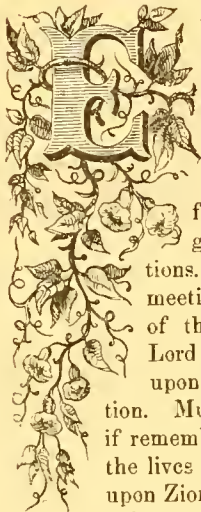
The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 1, 1883.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.



ACH conference that we have seems better to those who have the Spirit of the Lord than any of its predecessors. It has been so in the annual conference which has just ended. The attendance was very large, people being present from all parts of the territory, and some even from regions outside of the territory, and great interest was taken in the instructions. No one could be present at those meetings who knew anything at all of the Spirit of the Lord without feeling its power. The Lord poured out His Holy Spirit in abundance upon those who spoke and upon the congregation. Much valuable instruction was given, which, if remembered and carried into practical effect in the lives of the people, will have a beneficial effect upon Zion.

The present seems a most favorable time for the preaching of the gospel. The madness that reigned about twelve months ago has subsided. A re-action has taken place. Reason has resumed its sway. Men will now listen with some degree of patience to our side of the question. The unreasoning, blood-thirsty spirit that blinded their minds and hardened their hearts and prompted them to do the most cruel things against the people of Utah has disappeared, and in its place a more tolerant, kindly feeling has appeared. The reports of the Elders from the Southern States show how much the feeling in this respect has changed there, and the same feeling prevails in other lands and among other nations. The Lord has said that He will soften the hearts of our enemies from time to time. He has done so at present. If indignation and wrath were to continue to burn against us, as was the case last year, the adversary would gain too much power, and we would be likely to fall victims to the blind rage of infuriated men. But God interposes and calms the angry elements, and we have a breathing time of peace.

One of the greatest causes of thanksgiving during this conference was that this remarkable change has taken place. Every Latter-day Saint felt it and gave the glory to Him who is the Author of our salvation, and to whom we owe our protection and safety. It is very wonderful to witness the growth of the Church of Christ in the midst of the opposition with which it has to contend. Every year gives it a firmer hold in the earth. Every season of persecution makes it more widely known. There is no system so widely advertized. There is no organization which attracts such attention.

The effectiveness of an organization depends very much upon its power to put its forces into the field. If it be an army, it is formidable in proportion to its power in this respect. So with an organization for peaceable purposes. In this respect we are superior to every other organization known among men. It is true that the Catholic priests have no wives nor children, and they devote themselves exclusively to the

ministry. This makes the Catholic church a great power. But this feature in their system is confined to the priests alone, and they only form a small proportion of the church. But how different it is with our Church! Every man of repute holds some portion of the Priesthood, and, if he has the right spirit, holds himself subject to call, and deems it a sacred duty to do all in his power for the advancement of Zion. We have thousands of young men who hold the Priesthood, and who, if called to go on missions, start without hesitation; and they go without purse and scrip. They do not depend upon the Church for their support while preaching, neither do they ask or expect any salary to pay them for their time and trouble. They live upon that which they obtain in the countries and among the people to whom they are sent, and, if necessary, thousands of active men, ministers of the gospel, could be sent out in any direction at a few days' notice to accomplish any given mission. It is this feature in our organization which creates alarm. Men see its power, and believing that we are a wicked people, they dread its exercise, and think it dangerous. But this is because they are ignorant of our doctrines, of our motives and purposes.

If the Latter-day Saints were to do wrong, and use the power which their system gives them for wrong purposes, they would soon fall to pieces. The organization can only exist as an effective instrument so long as its members are righteous. The world, therefore, have no cause to dread our Church. Its mission is to do good, to benefit mankind, to save society from the evils under which it groans, and which, if allowed to prevail, will destroy the inhabitants of the earth. So far, if our history be traced, the Church has done nothing that has not been of benefit to its members and to the world at large. If the Church had full power, Utah would be free from crime, from vice of every kind, and from disorder. Peace, good order, and propriety would prevail in every part of the land. Life would be safe. Property would be safe. Litigation and strife would not exist. Men would not take advantage of their fellow-men. The strong would not prey upon the weak, nor the rich upon the poor. But the rights of every man, however humble or obscure, would be fully respected and maintained.

This is the spirit of all the teachings of the Elders of this Church. This is the spirit which prevailed in our recent conference. Men who cherish that spirit cannot do serious wrong to their fellow-men. They cannot be wicked men. They cannot be unvirtuous men. They cannot be dishonest men. They cannot be oppressors of their fellow-men, for all these things are condemned by the spirit and teachings that the Latter-day Saints receive at every conference and every meeting for worship and instruction.

LABOR.—None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those who have nothing to do. The active only have the true relish of life. He who knows not what it is to labor, knows not what it is to enjoy. Recreation is only valuable as it unbends us; the idle know nothing of it. It is exertion that renders rest delightful, and sleep sweet and undisturbed. That the happiness of life depends on the regular prosecution of some laudable purpose, or lawful calling, which engages, helps, and enlivens all our powers, let those bear witness who, after spending years in active usefulness, retire to enjoy themselves—they are a burden to themselves.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

THE Hudson River has been made memorable by the scenes that occurred on its banks during the American revolution. Many of the points of interest during the struggle for independence are situated near this beautiful river.

At West Point on its bank, fifty miles north of New York city, is located the United States Military Academy. This place was selected for a fortress during the revolution. The ruins of Fort Putnam, which was erected at that time, are to be seen at a little distance from this point. About ten miles down the river is Stony Point. Here is the site of an old fort which was taken by storm on the night of July 16, 1779, by General Wayne. The capturing of this fortress was considered one of the greatest exploits during the war.

Again, a few miles down the stream, is another place of note. Here lies the secluded spot where, during the wars for independence, Majors Andre and Arnold met secretly to arrange their plans of treason, by which they intended to betray West Point into the hands of the British troops.

Besides its historical connection with the scenes of the revolution, the Hudson is notable as being the first river upon which Robert Fulton launched his first practicable steam-boat. This was in the year 1807. The vessel made its first trip between New York and Albany, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles.

Fulton's first steam-boat moved at the slow speed of five miles an hour. At that time this was considered a very rapid rate; and indeed it was when compared to the slow movement of the vessels used in those days. The modern vessels that are in use on this river attain a speed of from twenty-three to twenty-four miles per hour.

It is a fact worthy of mention that the vessels that now ply up and down the Hudson are among the most handsome and the fastest river steamers to be found.

The scenery along the banks of the Hudson is some of the finest in the world. The sights which meet the eye while going up or down the river are said to be the most beautiful and picturesque views that can be found on any river in the country.

At a place about sixty-one miles above New York city the river passes through what are called the highlands. Here it makes its way between steep bluffs which rise up from the shore to a distance of one thousand six hundred feet. Below this, and on the west side of the river, is a wall of rock from three to five hundred feet high. It stands almost perpendicular, and extends along the river a distance of some fifteen

miles. This bluff, or wall, a view of which is given in the engraving, is called the palisades.

The Hudson river receives its name from the first European who discovered it—Henry Hudson, an Englishman.

This explorer, while in the employ of a company of London merchants, made two daring attempts to find a north-west passage to India. Both of these expeditions, however, proved to be unsuccessful.

But this bold adventurer was not to be discouraged. In 1609 he went to Holland and offered his services to the Dutch East India Company. His offer was accepted, and on the 4th of April of the same year he set out on his third voyage of adventure.

He reached the North Sea, but, on account of ice, was unable to proceed farther. He then directed his course westward, and finally anchored at the entrance of New York Bay. He explored the bay and entered the river which bears his

name. Hudson was delighted with the magnificent scenery that met his gaze on all sides. He described the land as being the "most beautiful in the world." He proceeded up this river as far as Albany and then returned and reported his discoveries to his employers. They refused to continue the search for a north-west passage any longer, so Hudson engaged himself to another London company, and set out on another voyage.

This trip proved to be his last. He again reached the North Sea, and spent a winter of very severe privation.

On his return the crew became mutinous. They put the daring navigator, with his son and a few sailors into an open boat and left them to perish. Nothing more was ever heard of the explorer or his companions. An expedition was sent from England in search for him; but no traces of his whereabouts or what his fate was could be found.

Thus ended the life of one

of the most persevering and courageous explorers of America.



JUSTICE.—If they which employ their labor and travail about the public administration of justice, follow it only as a trade, with unquenchable thirst of gain, being not in heart persuaded that justice is God's own work, and themselves His agents in this business—the sentence, of right, God's own verdict; formalities of justice do but serve to smother right; and that which was necessarily ordained for the common good, is, through shameful abuse, made the cause of common misery.

FORCES OF CIVILIZATION IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY J. H. W.

HUMAN history should be a record of progress—a record of accumulating knowledge and increasing wisdom, of continual advancement from a lower to a higher platform of intelligence and well-being. Each generation should pass on to the next the treasures which it has inherited, beneficially modified by its own experience, and enlarged by the acquisitions which itself has gained.

Sometimes the stream of human development seems to pause and the years seem to roll on without change. Yet this is only apparent. All the while there is a silent accumulation of forces, which at length burst forth in the violent overthrow of evils, which had been endured for generations.

The nineteenth century, has witnessed progress beyond all precedent, for it has beheld the overthrow of the barriers that prevented progress. It has vindicated for all succeeding ages, the right of man to his own unimpeded development. The genius of the age has tended to the abolition of serfdom and slavery, and the up-lifting of the poor, the down-trodden and oppressed. More than at all previous times it has seen the removal of artificial obstacles placed in the path of human progress by the selfishness and ignorance of the strong.

At the opening of the nineteenth century, all Europe was occupied with war. From the North to the shores of the Mediterranean, from the confines of Asia to the Atlantic, men toiled to burn each other's cities, to waste each other's fields, and destroy each other's lives. In some places there was heard the shout of victory, in some the wail of defeat. The first twelve years of the century were spent by America in profound tranquility. She looked from afar with a serene neutrality upon the furious efforts which the European nations were making to compass the ruin of each other.

In process of time, England and France, eagerly bent on mutual harm, adopted measures which nearly destroyed trans-Atlantic commerce. American ships lay in unprofitable idleness: grass grew upon the untrodden wharfs of New York and Philadelphia. Moreover the high-handed British enforced a hateful claim to search American ships and take away any sailors suspected of being British subjects.

These grievances might have been peacefully redressed; but America and England were too angry to be reasonable. James Madison was president at that time. He did not want to go to war, but he desired to be elected president a second time. His friends who were eager for war informed him that unless he declared war he could not be re-elected. With closed doors the bill proposing war was discussed. It was passed in secret session, and on June 19th, 1812, President Madison affixed his signature, and issued a proclamation declaring war against Great Britain. The principal European powers, including England, were then engaged in a mighty struggle against Napoleon. England could spare scarcely three thousand men for the defense of her colonies. The British forces in America were principally composed of Canadian volunteers and militia.

Then came a war of mingled success and disaster. The surrender of Detroit, the disaster at Queenston Heights, the victory of Perry, the midnight struggle at Lundy's Lane, the capture of Washington, the terrible havoc at New Orleans—all these are too well known to need repetition here. After

two years and a half of mutual injuries, a treaty of peace was signed in which nothing was said about the imprisonment of seamen; but from that day to the present no American citizen has been imprisoned on board a British vessel.

Then came an era of peaceful industrial progress without parallel in the annals of the human family. The forces of modern civilization began to work.

North America was now divided into three great divisions, the United States, Canada and Mexico. For obvious reasons the United States has developed the most rapidly. The dominion of Canada is destined in process of years to become a powerful empire. Its area is more than three million five hundred thousand square miles, which is more than that of the United States, and nearly equal to the whole of Europe. Most of this enormous region proves to be of marvelous fertility, producing in abundance nearly all the grains of temperate regions. Millions of acres are added annually to the area under cultivation. The vast and magnificent region watered by the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine seems destined to become one of the granaries of the world. Quietly and peacefully, the dominion is growing in power and influence. The area of cultivated land is fast extending. Manufactures of all kinds are rapidly multiplying, and in ship-building and commerce she has already outstripped the great republic. In these respects, if considered separate from England, Canada now ranks the fourth power in the world.

Recent developments indicate that Mexico has an important work to do in the economy of God. In the last few years she has made astonishing progress in the arts, sciences and social condition of her people. As an illustration one of her sons, the late President Juarez showed himself to be one of the most remarkable men that has lived on this continent during the present century. The population of North America in 1800, was scarcely more than ten millions, now it approaches seventy millions and increases in a ratio that defies calculation. Already it is the theater of some of the most important events in the world's history, and greater events still await the coming years.

At the time that America commenced to be governed by the first written constitution that the world had ever seen, one of the great questions that was asked by the leading minds of the age as well as by the toiling millions of Europe was: "What will be the future of America, what the forces that will mould and fashion it?" One of these was the common school. Here the future citizens met upon a level. Money and position in society counted nothing; merit won. A boy with a patch on each knee, his jacket in rags, who lived in a cabin, whose breakfast was potato and salt, and whose supper was mush and milk, quite likely stood at the head of the class; while the boy who wore good clothes and whose father was rich, possibly found himself at the foot of the long line of spellers.

From these schools many of the boys made their way through college, became teachers, ministers, lawyers, legislators and governors. The lessons there learned together with the instructions of honest, God fearing parents, laid the foundation of character and made them the pioneers of a new civilization.

The education of the masses multiplied the number of thinkers. As a consequence, mechanical skill and invention is the peculiar growth of the present century and the United States in this regard ranks among the foremost nations of the world.

From the creation of the world down to the middle of the last century, nearly all the work of the world had been done by the muscular labor of men or animals.

But in England and America men were discovering that machinery might be made to do work of human hands. It was not until 1764, that James Watt commenced his wonderful inventions, and ten years more elapsed before his engine was of any practical use.

Meanwhile Hargreaves, Arkwright and Crompton had invented machines for the manufacture of cloth. In America there were lands well adapted for raising cotton, but owing to the difficulty of extricating the seeds from the cotton, but little was used and that little was very expensive. In 1784, only eight bagfuls of cotton were exported from Savannah to England but when Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin in 1792, a great change took place. It was seen immediately that the machine would do the work of hundreds of men and a new industry and new product was given to the world. Inconsiderable as these inventions may seem, they changed the clothing material of the English-speaking people throughout the world. In a few years their costume so changed that they might be looked upon as belonging to a different race and a different civilization.

On August 27th, 1787, while the National convention was at work at Philadelphia framing the constitution they were invited to behold a sight that the world had never seen. It was John Fitch gliding up stream in the first practical steam-boat ever constructed. In July, 1788, the boat made its first trip from Philadelphia up the river to Burlington—amid the cheering of crowds and the salvos of artillery. It continued to make trips during part of two years but never exceeded three miles an hour. As the machinery was imperfect and the running expensive, it was at length abandoned.

Genius is far-sighted and prophetic. John Fitch looking into the future saw that the time would come when steamships would traverse the ocean, and glide to and fro upon the great rivers of the West. He went to Ohio to spend his last days, and when the shadow of death was upon him, he made this request, "Bury me on the banks of the Ohio that I may be where the song of the boatmen and the music of the engines shall enliven the stillness of my resting place." Twenty years passed away before Fitch's idea was realized. At length Robert Fulton built the *Clermont* in 1807 and started up the Hudson river. The country people knew not what to make of it. A Dutchman shouted to his wife, "The devil is on his way up the river with a sawmill in a boat." Fulton had succeeded where others had failed. It was the beginning of a new era in navigation. In 1819, the *Savannah* was the first steamboat to cross the Atlantic ocean. John Stevens of Hoboken, New Jersey appeared in 1812 before Congress with a plan for a railroad. Two years later, July 25th, 1814, George Stevenson of England completed and ran the Rocket, the first practical locomotive in the world.

But it was not till September, 1825, that the first railway for passengers was opened in England. Six years later railway trains were running in America. The improved facilities for traveling by means of steam, have had a wonderful influence upon society. A century ago human society was composed of a multitude of little communities, dwelling apart, mutually ignorant, and therefore, cherishing mutual antipathies. Facilities of travel brought together men of different towns and different countries. They learned how little there was, on either side, to hate, how much to love. Thus ancient prejudice was broken up by the fuller knowledge gained by this extended acquaintance. Peculiarities of dialect and manners grew indistinct, and errors of opinion were corrected by friendly conflict of mind.

In 1832, Samuel F. B. Morse, conceived the idea of the electric telegraph, and in 1837, Congress granted him thirty thousand dollars to aid his great enterprise. In 1844, Professor Morse sent his first message over the world's first electric telegraph. The words were, "What hath God wrought!" Thus it was found that the same mysterious and terrible power which flashes out in the midnight storm was ready to convey across continents and seas the messages of man. This use of electricity is of peculiar interest. It is the first invention which is apparently final. In the race of improvement all other inventions and instrumentalities may be superceded. But what agency for conveying intelligence can ever excel that which is instantaneous? It would seem that here, for the first time, the human mind has reached the utmost limits of its progress.

From the time of its first invention to the year 1814, scarcely any improvement had been made on the printing press. A rude machine, printing at its best scarcely 150 copies per hour, was still universally in use. Now we have machines that print 25,000 copies per hour; books and papers have greatly cheapened in consequence. Such were some of the forces at work upon society during the first half of the nineteenth century.

But while mankind had progressed in science they had remained stationary in religion; and how could it be otherwise? Invention and discovery are but the unfolding of the laws, attributes and objects of nature to man's limited understanding—the action of the divine will on the minds of men. When God revealed nature's laws, man progressed scientifically: until God revealed religious truth man groped in spiritual darkness. The intellectual light of that age only made to observing minds, their spiritual night more palpable; even as a candle shining in the night only intensifies the surrounding gloom. Many leading minds perceived somewhat, the errors of the times, and sought to bring about reform in various ways. These attempts brought forth discussion and division. The disintegration which had commenced in the days of Luther, now worked with unexampled rapidity, until the various so-called Christian sects numbered more than six hundred, each tenacious of its own ideas, and bitterly denouncing all the others.

None of these jarring sects ever had divine authority; in fact, they denied the possibility of revelation from God. Even admitting their claims, their creeds are only the crystalized ideas of the leading men of the age that gave them birth. For example, Rome depended not upon revelation, nor even upon the letter of the scriptures, but upon the tradition of the fathers. In other words, the rule of faith, in the church of Rome was the conflicting opinions of men—often ill-informed and superstitious—who lived between the great apostasy and the time of Luther.

So again, the creed of Lutherism is only the best ideas of men who lived in Central Europe three hundred and fifty years ago. In like manner, Presbyterianism is the reflex of the stern and rugged character of the Scotch in the 17th century. So also Methodism and Quakerism are the products of zealous English reformers in the 17th and 18th centuries. All of the religions that existed in America at the beginning of this century, were the outgrowth of European thought. They were systems that had been transplanted from foreign lands, by no means adapted to the progressive ideas that prevail on this continent.

Humanly speaking, it was time to establish a religion, which should harmonize with the circumstances and age in which we live. Divinely speaking, man had become so developed and

disciplined that he could receive the gospel. It was the Lord's due time to again reveal His will and set up His kingdom upon the earth.

Not only was the age peculiar, but likewise the land in which this work was to be accomplished. The governments of European countries were all committed to some particular creed, some peculiar form of religious worship. But in America there was no established religion. All were free to accept or reject the truth untrammelled by the arbitrary requirements of the civil law.

The instrumentalities used for the establishment of this work were very peculiar. No hoary-headed philosopher, full of worldly wisdom; no crafty politician, zealous for a party or sect; no profound doctor of divinity, deeply versed in antiquarian lore, was appointed to do this work. No! A pure and ingenious youth, who had spent the few years of his mortal life in the quiet and peaceful avocations of agricultural life—a youth who had not yet drunk in the poison of man's theology—such was the instrument chosen by the Almighty for the execution of His purposes.

The sublime and tragic history of Joseph Smith is too well known to need repetition here. A few leading facts will suffice. Joseph Smith was born December 23rd, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor Co., Vt. He received his first vision on the morning of a beautiful, clear day, early in the Spring of 1820. Joseph was then a little more than fourteen years of age. Three years and a half passed away, when he received his second vision. It was September 21st, 1823; he had retired to rest when the divine messenger made his appearance. During the night the angel appeared three times to Joseph, and immediately after, the dawn approached; so that their interviews must have occupied the whole of that night. Thrice had the angel descended, and thrice had he ascended, with all the circumstances of reality. There is something grand in the very simplicity of the narrative of Joseph and all the more impressive when we consider his mental and physical characteristics—a man of lofty stature and giant mind. He dwelt in the very glare and illumination of a spiritual existence, and yet was the founder, organizer and leader of a latter-day Israel. Not more real was Jacob's angel with whom he wrestled all night, than were the angels of our times to Joseph. Then he commenced a life of toil and persecution—toil in the service of his divine Master, persecution from the enemy of all good.

We can only understand the life and character of Joseph Smith, when we consider the peculiar wants of the present age. Never was there a time in the history of the race when learning and general intelligence were so well diffused as at the present. The press is throwing off continually its millions of printed pages which are scattered broadcast, as the leaves of autumn.

Never was there a time of more intense activity. Who can pass through the crowded streets of our cities, listen to the throbbing of the steam engine, the hum of machinery, gaze at the vast trains that are driven with fire and vapor along our railways, or view those magnificent structures that cross the mighty deep without feeling that this is an earnest age?

Now this earnest, active, thinking age, demands a religion that has life and power in it. Not a religion of cold formality and narrow sectarianism, but a religion that will satisfy the intelligent with its truths, and touch the heart with its love, and sway the will with its persuasiveness, and gratify the taste with its beauties, and fill the imagination with its sublimities. A religion is wanted that will enlist upon its side the whole

nature of man and command his willing and devoted homage; a religion, that, bearing the full impress of its Author's image, shall carry its own credentials with it, and which, clothed with all the elements of truth and righteousness, beauty and grandeur, of love and power, shall be revered by all those who love the truth, and dreaded by all who love it not.

It is evident to every thinking mind that the strife and confusion and babel of the six hundred jarring sects of Christendom can not do this. Their half-deserted cathedrals and cold, formal ceremonies, as well as the triumphant march of infidelity and crime, attest the fact, that they have lost their hold on the masses of men.

As in the days of old the Lord renewed his communications with man through the dutiful and obedient Samuel; so in this age he spake to the youthful Joseph. And how did Joseph accomplish so much in so short a time? Simply because he entered into his work with his whole heart. He allowed no inferior object to weaken his interest or divide his attention, and he continually sought the inspiration of the Almighty, who came to his aid and enabled him to accomplish in the short space of a few years the mightiest work that any man has wrought since the Savior was upon the earth. After an active and self-sacrificing life of nearly thirty-nine years, he was brutally murdered by a mob June 27th, 1844.

Thus lived, suffered, toiled, and died, the martyr-prophet of the nineteenth century. Thus flashed athwart the spiritual darkness of his age, the light of the latter days. Even as in days of old the light shone in the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not. Contemplating his death the mind instinctively reverts to that scene, when the Savior suffered on Calvary, eighteen hundred years ago. Across the ages stride the footprints of the self-same spirit. Unconsciously are associated the death of the Redeemer and the martyrdom of His servant. Already the principles enunciated by Joseph Smith, have shaken the religious world from center to circumference. The ignorant may effect to scorn, yet the day is nigh, when America will be proud of her prophet son.

A GERMAN FUNERAL.

BY JAQUEE.

THE condition, worldly surroundings, customs and observances of the citizens of Utah and, more or less, of the whole United States, are so different from those of the inhabitants of the older, yet in some respects less advanced, portions of the world, that our children, born and reared in the mountains, have very little idea of what their fellow-beings on the other side of the globe do for their amusement, instruction or support. The children, perhaps, of those who have themselves gathered out of the European countries, may have heard from the lips of their fathers and mothers something of the manners prevailing and of the daily requirements of them when they were boys and girls; but even this, I often think, is infrequent, and I take it as a general rule, that unless the children themselves were foreign born and old enough to observe their earlier lives and compare them with those to which they so soon became accustomed in the great west, they know very little of the difference between the habits prevailing on the opposite sides of the Atlantic.

The young Elders of the Latter-day Saints who go abroad to proclaim the gospel, and especially those of American par-

entage and who have never seen the outside of the grand old mountains which wall in their peaceful homes, are therefore, much astonished almost every day during their missionary experience at the strange sights and customs which meet their attention on every hand, of which, although they may have thought themselves pretty well read in the current literature of the day, they find themselves to be in total ignorance. Such, at least, have been my impressions, and as I have been at many of the new scenes, no less interested and instructed than amused, I have long had it in mind to present to the readers of the JUVENILE some of the points which struck me as being peculiar, in the hope that a comparison with our own mode may not be without value; that an acquaintance with the doings and ways of others will enable our children better to understand and appreciate their own, and especially that those who may think their life in the valleys of Utah humdrum and monotonous, and are possessed of a longing for scenes of greater activity and bustle, such as are only to be found in the large and older cities and countries, may see how blessed they are in being inhabitants of a land of freedom, where no irksome and oppressive laws and no long catalogue of taxes, direct and indirect, exist, where no blind obedience to the silly whims of those who hold a civil office is required, and where plenty and peace smile from every village in the land instead of the stare of hollow want and the feverish dread that at any moment war with all its attendant horrors may be precipitated upon them.

Yet I realize how usually fruitless is the endeavor to dissuade youth from the following of its own inclinations; for even as is said to be the case with love, that the object of affection has nothing but charms and grace and virtues in the eyes of the adorer, so in the case of the hopes and anticipations of travel, no amount of picturing the dark side of life in the world will have the effect to change or weaken the desire of seeing it for one's self. Who, for example, ever heard of a boy being frightened out of his desire to go to sea, by stories of how high the waves ran in an equinoctial gale, or how hard the lot is of a man before the mast? The average boy must try these things for himself, and it seems to be, and undoubtedly is, a wise provision of providence which makes us unsatisfied to accept for granted all that others tell us, and which causes us to desire to make the discovery and pass through the experience for ourselves.

Happy is he who can profit by this experience; who can "Prove all things and hold fast to that which is good." So, with regard to travel in the world, from many aspects it is desirable; it is the greatest educator, usually brings one to a realization of blessings which he has never before recognized as peculiar to him or his part of the globe, and it impresses the prayerful and religious mind with a sense of the power and infinitude of the creations and mercies of God. But the disposition to fly from those "evils we have to others which we know not of" is a failing in human nature; and it is against the growth or even birth of that failing that all writers for children should seek if possible to do battle.

But I never thought, when I commenced, that I would be led into so much of a moralizing introduction. That I am no adept at book-making will be seen from the fact that I only make one jump from a preface to a conclusion, and I imagine I can hear the criticism from some of the sharp-witted of my readers, "A German Funeral! That is a curious subject with which to begin a series of articles; we would have thought it more proper to conclude with." Some other reader, one perhaps older and better read, will remark, "a German funeral

can't be much different from any other funeral, except that what is said is spoken in German; for when a person is dead he is simply buried or burned or embalmed, as the case may be, and with these things we have already, through the INSTRUCTOR, been made acquainted." Still another reader, and perhaps this time a timid little girl, will say she don't like to read about funerals, it always makes her nervous, and she would rather hear an interesting story of some good queen or princess, or a nice piece of poetry. Unfortunately it is impossible to please all readers with the same article, as much so as to please all palates with the same dish; so, while I hope some readers will be amused or interested, the two smart ones will have to excuse my inappropriate choice of subject, the learned ones will have to pardon my ignorance, and the nervous ones will have to patiently look to other contributors for the nice stories and poems.

We will, for purposes of convenience of expression, consider all the proceedings from the moment of death till the return from the interment of the corpse, as funeral services, and may, therefore, begin our account where the spirit leaves the body. The scene is always a sorrowful one, and the heart-broken sobs of the bereaved family and relatives are almost enough in the outset to discourage one from the further prosecution of an inquiry or observation into so mournful a subject.

Certain stern regulations have to be at once complied with, and if there are no relatives or near friends to attend to the necessary business, some member of the immediate family must promptly do so. The first thing to be done is to give notice of the death, at the police headquarters, where a blank form is filled out with the name, employment, age and residence of the deceased. This form then has to be taken to the doctor who attended the case for his signature, as an acknowledgement that death ensued from natural causes. If no doctor attended the patient in his last sickness, and none can be got afterwards who, from the appearance of the corpse and what he can hear from the family, will place his signature to this paper, a post mortem examination must be held to satisfy the public, and especially the police, that no unfair means had been employed. So accommodating a doctor can, however, usually be found if the family are in such financial circumstances as to be able to pay him well for his trouble. Having received his certificate, the police headquarters are again visited, and this time, all being satisfactory, the name of the deceased is stricken from the lists. From there the certificate has to be taken to those civil officers who attend to the state records, that is the recording of the birth, marriage and death of every citizen in the empire.

The ecclesiastical part of the preparations may now begin, and the representative of the family betakes himself, with his completely filed and authenticated form, to the warden of the particular church of which the deceased was a member, and makes application for a burial spot in the church-yard, also for a preacher if it is desired to have one. The furnishing of the coffin, hearse and carriages for the mourners is by private firms, and one can either have these first, second or third class, according to his means. In all cases, though, they must be of the same grade as the grave which has been ordered. For instance, if the frugal relative were to order a third class grave (and really a third class one is the same as a first class one, except that it does not cost so much) and then should arrive at the cemetery with first class coffin and carriages, a controversy would at once arise, and the burial would in all

likelihood be prevented until the demands of the injured grave digger could be satisfied.

No corpse is allowed to be interred until three days after death, or rather until three nights have passed. This being the law, it is not possible in all cases to maintain the body in that state of preservation which is desirable, and hence a house is provided in each church-yard whither the body can be conveyed, indeed immediately after death if the bereaved, by reason of their limited room and large family, cannot retain it at home.

In many instances, especially among the poorer classes, as soon as sickness enters the family the afflicted one is taken to the hospital, where he is cared for at the public expense. In case, however, he dies there, and it is the wish of the family to bury him at their own expense, a certain amount must be paid the managers of the institution, and they will then send the body, all ready coffined, either to the home or to this morgue in the cemetery. The cynical call this "buying the corpses" of their dead friends.

The funeral proper either takes place from the residence, if the body is there, or from the morgue. In the former case, the friends assemble at the stated time, take a last look at their deceased associate, and then the coffin is closed, carried to the hearse, and the mourners in carriages and on foot follow it to the cemetery, where, if a preacher has been hired for the occasion, the religious services are held. When the coffin is laid across the open grave, the minister takes his stand at the head of it, and delivers a short discourse on the merits of the deceased, warning the hearers that they should prepare themselves for the same solemn termination of life, which is the lot of all mankind. If any of the assemblage can sing or if a band has been employed, the coffin is lowered into the grave to the sound of music, and then the minister with a little implement which the grave digger hands to him, throws three spadefuls of dirt upon the coffin with the words, "dust thou wert, dust thou art, and to dust thou must return." The relatives do likewise, and then the filling of the grave is proceeded with, and the company disperse. If no preacher is present there is no sermon and no prayer, the body is merely committed to the earth, and the grave-digger himself utters the above words as he throws in the first three shovel-fuls of dirt.

This is the Protestant method. The Catholic is not much different except that the priest utters some of his prayers in Latin, and the boys who accompany him swing over the grave bowls containing certain herbs, which as they burn, give a pale blue smoke and a peculiar odor.

In most of the factories or workshops, and in nearly every tradesmen's association, is a fund for the benefit of the family of the workmen in case of death. To be entitled to this assistance, the employees pay a small amount every month or every quarter, from which they receive no assistance as long as they live, but at their death the funeral expenses will be borne by the association and their widows will receive a certain and sometimes pretty large sum of money. In many families, as both the father and the mother are in employment, both, it frequently happens, are members of these societies, and, therefore, the husband can receive this "insurance" money upon the death of his wife as well as the wife can upon the death of her husband. Indeed an actual instance lately occurred where the bereaved father of the family not only had the expenses attending the burial of his deceased wife paid by her society, but he also received the day after her burial a check for one thousand dollars.

As soon as it is known in the factory that one of the workmen is dead, all is expectation and curiosity among his comrades to know when, where and how the funeral is to be conducted, for, so far from giving away to a paroxysm of grief, the most of them appear to contemplate the event with some pleasure. A few leading fellow-workmen of the deceased take the matter in hand, and a half holiday is usually granted them to attend the ceremony.

A friend of mine, a foreman in a large furniture shop, tells me how the preliminaries are conducted in his establishment, and one example will suffice for them all. Besides the necessary expenses which the association will pay, is one item for a band of music. This costs ten dollars, and it is a matter for the widow to decide whether she will take the money or the music. In most instances she shows her contempt for "stinginess," and a desire to do her trifle to administer to the pleasure of the mourners, by spurning the proffered filthy lucre and insisting upon the band.

The friends all devoutly follow their deceased comrade, marching to solemn strains till the cemetery is reached, where the usual ceremony takes place. The body is no sooner disposed of and the homeward march commenced than a galloping air is struck up, and the cortege is scarcely out of the church-yard gates before the question is heard, "now where shall we go?"

Such a locality is always well provided with beer gardens, restaurants, and dancing halls, where the deeply bowed down friends may go and refresh themselves after the trying ordeal through which they have just passed, and it is with regard to which particular establishment shall be patronized that the foregoing question is asked. It must look ridiculous as one leaves the gloomy walls of the city of the dead, to see fat landlords and pretty waitresses standing in their respective doors beckoning him to come to their particular house, with the words "here is good beer, cheap and cool, and a fine dancing floor which won't cost you a cent," etc.

After an animated discussion among the mourners upon the merits of the respective establishments, one is agreed upon, and in front of that the whole procession, with the exception perhaps of the widow and children, call a halt, alight from the carriages, send the drivers about their business and then, led by the gay musicians, file into the saloon or garden where festivities begin. The band has been paid for a half day's services, so after the usual "wetting of their whistles," the performers strike up dancing tunes and the whole party indulge in that recreation till far into the night, when few of the so lately sorrowing and disconsolate mourners are in so sober a state as to be able to get home alone.

It would therefore seem that the only points of difference between the celebrated Irish "wake" and the customary German funeral is that at the latter beer in tremendous quantities is drunk after the burial, while at the former whiskey is produced and drunk before it.

If a policeman dies, the particular squad to which he belonged attend the exercises in the body and all of them who are happy enough to get free from duty for the afternoon, for once think themselves no better than anybody else, throw off all their austerity of manner and settle down to real enjoyment. The procession which conveys the last remains of a fireman or postman to his final resting place, is a very impressive and spectacular one. Unfortunately the most of them have, however, the same inappropriate termination.

The churchyards, most of them, are really beautiful places. The tombstones and monuments of the rich are of magnifi-

cent design and costly workmanship, but the principal feature of beauty is in the observance by all, poor as well as rich, of the cultivation of flowers, and the decorating of the graves with evergreens, wreaths, crosses, anchors and indeed everything that the floral kingdom can produce to help take away the sadness and gloom. I have been in many cemeteries in various parts of the empire and I do not remember having seen more than two or three graves during the whole time which showed any evidences of neglect. Whether the remaining relatives endeavor to keep alive the memory of their departed ones or not, it cannot be denied that they spare no effort and no trouble and no expense to keep their final resting-places green.

DESERET S. S. UNION MEETING.

THE regular meeting of the Union was held on Monday evening, April 2nd, 1883, in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall. Gen. Supt. George Q. Cannon, being too sick to attend, the meeting was presided over by Assistant Gen. Supt. George Goddard.

The musical exercises of the evening were excellently rendered by the 17th Ward Sunday school, led by Brother John S. Lewis; and by the martial bands of the 6th and 16th Wards, combined. Prayer was offered by Elder T. E. Taylor.

Minutes of the previous meeting were read and approved.

Supt. James Dwyer was pleased to represent the 17th Ward Sunday school. The school consisted of 26 officers and teachers, and 237 pupils; total 263, with an average attendance of over 200. The library contained 381 volumes. There were three theological classes; also a primary class of nearly 70 young children which was taught in an interesting manner by two young ladies. Church works were the only books used in the classes. They began punctually at 10, and dismissed at half past 11 o'clock a. m. They had no school choir, the singing being done in concert by all the children. Instead of prizes and rewards being offered as inducements to the children, the officers and teachers endeavored to make the school interesting and attractive, so that the children would love to attend. They had adopted the question system with success, as it led the scholars to think about and study the subjects given them, during the week. The school was increasing in numbers and was in as good or better condition than ever before.

Miss Minnie Felt sang, "Let us treat each other kindly," the school joining in the chorus.

Supt. Goddard announced that Stake Supt. David John, who had been appointed to give the usual lecture was not able to be present.

Elder John Nicholson, having been requested to do so, gave an explanation of his method of teaching a class of young men how to acquire a knowledge of and the ability to preach the principles of the gospel. He first gave to each pupil a list of passages of the scriptures, which they cut out of cheap editions of the Bible and pasted in a scrap book under appropriate headings, for ready reference. The pupils were required to carefully study these passages, with others of their own finding, and the doctrines they inculcated. Elder Nicholson then formulated a number of positions generally taken by sectarian religionists, that the pupils might have some points to which to speak. These propositions, to begin with, were

five in number. The first meeting of the class was occupied by the teacher explaining how each sectarian proposition could be overturned by scripture and sound reason. Then each pupil was given one of these propositions to speak upon until each had spoken on the whole five. After two or three meetings, the progress was so marked that the teacher had to limit the pupils to fifteen minutes upon each point. After each pupil had gone through the five propositions the teacher reviewed the whole, explaining how, by the aid of the Spirit of the Lord, a discourse on the first principles of the gospel could be delivered. After this each pupil was allowed half an hour to speak upon the information he had attained by this process, the class being engaged in that part of the programme at present. The result was exceedingly satisfactory. Elder Nicholson stated that he had consented to give the explanation in the hope that if the method was meritorious it might be adopted by others and good be the result, by the more thorough preparation of our young Elders to preach the gospel when they were sent to the nations for that purpose. With the same view and with some reluctance, Brother James H. Anderson, one of the foremost of his pupils, had consented to deliver before the meeting an address on the first principles of the gospel, as a practical illustration of the efficiency of the method.

Brother Anderson then delivered a very clear and interesting discourse on the subject already named, occupying about half an hour in its delivery.

Supt. Goddard sang a song, written by Sister H. Cornaby, entitled, "Who is on the Lord's side?"

Elder Chas. B. Felt, of the 17th Ward Sunday school, with his class of boys, gave a practical and interesting illustration of his method of teaching. The class in concert and with much readiness recited the articles of our faith, as given by the Prophet Joseph Smith, and also passages from the Bible to show that they were all sustained by scripture.

Supt. Goddard announced a concert to be given by Brother Stephens' music class, in the Assembly Hall, partly for the benefit of the Sunday School Union. He also acknowledged receipt of liberal contributions of Church publications for our missions in the States.

Adjourned till the next Friday evening, April 6th, at the same place.

Benediction by Elder James G. Bleak.

GOOD-BREEDING.—Some young people do not sufficiently understand the advantages of natural charms, and how much they would gain by trusting to themselves entirely. They weaken these gifts of heaven, so rare and fragile, by affected manners and an awkward imitation. Their tones and their gait are borrowed; they study their attitudes before the glass until they have lost all trace of natural manner, and, with all their pains, they please but little.

THE answer to the Enigma published in No. 7, is SPOT. We have received correct solutions from Nancy H. Hunt, St. Charles; Sarah E. Hyde, Spring City; Elizabeth A. Mumford, Herriman; Elizabeth Clarke, Newton; J. F. Pickering, Nephi; Savage, Payson; Elizabeth Brown, Harrisville; Albert Curtis, Logan; A. E. Brewer, Lovina E. Brewer, Hennefer; Martha J. Haslem, J. K. Haslem, Carl Bassett, Salt Lake City.

THE "MORMON" MISSIONARIES' FAREWELL

MUSIC BY A. C. S.

Semplice e piano.

The musical score is written for four parts: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. It is in 3/4 time and G major. The melody is simple and piano. The lyrics are as follows:

Fare - well, our friends and breth - ren, Here take the part - ing hand; We
 go to preach the gos - pel In ever - y for - eign land. Fare - well our wives and chil - dren, Who
 ren - der life so sweet; Dry up your tears—be faith - ful Till we a - gain shall meet.

Farewell, ye scenes of childhood,
 And fancies of our youth;
 We go to combat error
 With everlasting truth.
 Farewell, all carnal pleasures,
 Which gild the scenes of mirth;
 Your days are surely num'ered
 To trouble man on earth.

Farewell, farewell our country;
 Our home is now abroad,
 To labor in the vineyard,
 In righteousness for God.
 The gallant ships are ready
 To bear us o'er the sea,
 To gather up the blessed,
 That Zion may be free.